

# **Spring Break**

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**Just Plain Bob**

She looked up at me, tears running down her cheeks, and with a look that clear as day said, "No, please God no." I looked down at her and the look on my face told her more than words ever could. She watched as I unbuckled my belt and let my trousers fall. She moaned, "No, no, no, please no" as my boxers fell and when I forced her legs apart she cried, "No, you can't, please don't do this to me." There was one final, "No, please don't" as I worked the head of my cock between her cunt lips.

"Shut up and take it like the whore that you are." And I drove my cock home with one hard push.

And then I fucked her!

I had her legs pushed back, her knees almost to her ears and I rammed myself deep into her with each stroke.

"Come on bitch, scream for me, beg me to fuck you harder. Scream for me mother dear, scream for me like you did for him. Beg me to fuck you mother, like you did him and all the others."

I didn't start out that night planning to fuck my mother. I didn't start out the night thinking of women at all. It was spring break and I had come home because I couldn't afford to go any place else. Several of my buds from high school were in the same boat and I ran into two of them at the mall. They knew of a couple more who were at home and so we made plans to get together at Spike's Bar & Grill to shoot some pool, toss some darts, sip suds and catch up on what had been going on since leaving high school.

It was a good night and I had enjoyed myself. Since I'm not much of a drinker — I'm the kind of guy who will nurse two beers all night long — I ended up as the designated driver. It was almost two in the morning by the time I got

home. I used my key to let myself in and when I walked into the house I walked in on an altogether too familiar scene.

My mother was a slut, a whore, a fuck pig, a round-heeled tramp, a bar floozy, take your pick, but the bottom line was that she was an easy piece of ass and had been for as long as I had been old enough to know what she was doing. When I first found out, at an early age, I didn't know any better and I just thought that it was stuff that grown-ups did. But as I got older I came to realize that my mother was a cheating whore.

My father was a traveling salesman and he was gone three or four days out of the week, and when he was gone my mother would dress up and leave the house and sometime later on that night she would come home with some man. I'd usually be asleep, but the noises from the living room as she lay on the couch getting fucked would wake me up. If she had been a quiet fuck, like most of the girls I'd been with, I might have never known what was going on, but mother was a screamer. Her "Fuck me, oh Jesus God fuck me" echoed through the house and the first time I heard it it brought me out of a sound sleep and I had rushed to the head of the stairs and looked down to see her on the couch with a man between her legs. She looked up and saw me and blew me a kiss and then went back to fucking her lover.

I took the kiss she blew me as an invitation to watch and many are the nights that I watched her grip some man's body with her nylon covered legs and saw her high-heeled clad feet kicking in the air. A couple of times she saw me masturbating while I watched and she would smile at me and lick her lips. But even with the smiles and the licking of lips nothing was ever said the next day and mom always behaved as if nothing had happened. Some people would have called what she was doing cheating, but not me. Hell, she was my mother — not some cheating whore. I knew this because a buddy of mine had come across a copy of Gallery magazine and we had looked at the pictures of the naked women and wondered if that was what Becky Thomas looked like out of her clothes. I had taken the magazine home with me and I had read the letters in the Feedback section from men who loved for their wives to fuck other men. That's all my mom was doing, keeping my dad happy.

At least that is what I thought until one night when my dad was home I overheard him and my mom in the kitchen:

"Honestly George, you know me better than that."

"I don't know shit about that Stella, but I'm warning you, if I ever catch you cheating on me I'll put you in a grave so fast that it will be a week before God knows you're dead."

So, he didn't know what she was doing and that meant that my mother was a cheating whore. I don't know why, but that knowledge had an effect on me and I stopped going to the head of the stairs and watching; I stopped jacking off while thinking of her legs in nylons and her feet in stiletto heels and I stopped seeing her as part of a loving family. All my mother was was an older version of Becky Thomas. Two days after her fourteenth birthday the guys had gotten Becky out of her clothes and while she didn't look like the girls in Gallery that little patch of hair between her legs drove us just as crazy as the pictures in Gallery had. Becky fucked every boy who even hinted that he might like to try her on and soon everyone was calling her whore, slut, cum bucket, sperm bank and that is just what my mother was.

It made me feel bad. Not that she was a whore so much as I didn't have the guts to tell my dad. I don't know how mom felt about him (although her actions could have been an indication), but he loved her and it showed in everything that he did and said when they were together. Then again, maybe it wasn't a lack of nerve. Maybe I subconsciously knew what it would do to him to find out and I didn't want to be the cause. Whatever the reason, I lost all respect for my mother. I never let it become obvious, but I did avoid her as much as possible. But she didn't try to avoid me. Once I stopped looking at what she was doing she made it a habit to stop by my room and look in at me on her way to bed. She would stand in the doorway of my bedroom, naked except for her nylons and high heels with the hall light on behind her and look at me in bed for a minute or two and then she would close my door and go to her own room.

There were two things about my mother's activities that I never understood — well, three actually, since I never understood why she fucked other men. Why was it always on the couch in the living room when her bed would have been so much more comfortable, and why she went out of her way to pay attention to me when I watched. It was a relief to me to leave and go to college. The only time I saw her after that was on holiday breaks and dad was usually home at those times and I could pretend, for his sake, that we were a happy family.

If I would have had enough money to go to Lauderdale or some other spring break hot spot it never would have happened, but I didn't have the money and so I was home and watching my mother getting fucked on the living room couch. She saw me and her face lit up in a smile and she blew me a kiss. I don't know why, after all those years, but I suddenly lost it — I snapped! I would like to think better of myself than to believe that it was because the man pounding his cock into her was black, but I can't honestly say one way or the other that that had anything to do with it. What I do know is that I lost it. I stormed into the living room, grabbed the man and pulled him off my mother and frog marched him to the front door and pushed him outside. I locked the door so he couldn't get back in and then I went back into the living room where my mother was frantically trying to get herself together.

I pointed a finger at her and shouted, "You just stay right there you worthless slut, don't you fucking move!"

I gathered up the man's clothes and tossed them out the door and then went back into the living room where my mother was sitting on the couch and crying.

"Blow me a kiss will you?" I said as I pulled down my zipper, "Well kiss this" and I pulled out my cock and shoved it in her face. I reached out and grabbed the back of her head and pushed my cock by her lips and began to face fuck her.

"Remember all those times you smiled at me and licked your lips? Well tonight you are going to get a taste."

It only took me a minute to shoot off in her mouth and she had to gulp and swallow my load to keep from choking. When I started to go soft I just pushed my cock deeper into her mouth and kept working it until it started to get hard again.

"You like being a whore so much, you like cock so much that you are an unfaithful slut two-thirds of the time dad is gone that I've decided to really degrade you" and I started to undress.

"Scream, scream you fucking bitch, scream like I've listened to you all these years. Scream for me just like you did for all the others who have fucked your worthless cunt."

And scream she did. It took a couple of minutes for her to get around to it. Minutes during which she cried and said that it wasn't right, but the cries turned into moans and the moans turned into screams; screams to fuck her harder, screams to push in deeper, screams to fuck her and never stop and screams begging me to make her cum. Her legs were locked around me and her nails were dug into my ass and when I finally shot all I had into her she was begging me not to stop. I was still in a rage and I pulled my softening cock out of her and stood up. I grabbed her arm and pulled her up off the couch, picked her up and headed for the stairs.

"Wha ... what are you doing?"

"I'm going to take you upstairs and fuck you until you bleed."

"No, no, on the couch, but not upstairs, not upstairs, please."

She tried to break away from me, but I ignored her struggles and carried her into her bedroom and dropped her on the bed.

"Oh no, oh God no, not here, not on your father's bed."

I crawled up on the bed and she scurried away from me until she got to the headboard and had no place to go. I moved across the bed toward her.

"No, please no. Not on your father's bed. Anywhere but here. I'll let you fuck my ass, I'll suck your cock, I'll fuck you for the rest of the time you are home, but please, not on your father's bed."

"If I want your ass I'll take it and the same goes for your mouth. If I want to fuck you for the rest of the time I'm home I will and you won't have any say in the matter. As far as this being my father's bed is concerned, so what? You are his wife and that hasn't stopped you from being used by half the men in town."

I grabbed her legs and pulled her to me and I fucked her for the second time that night. I fucked her three more times that night and listened to her scream before leaving her to go to my own room to go to bed.

In the morning she was in the kitchen when I got up. She wouldn't meet my eyes and for some reason that pissed me off. "Get your ass over to the table and lean forward over it."

"Why? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to give you a good morning fuck, now get over there."

She moved over to the table and did as she was told and I took her from behind and she screamed. I learned to love the sound of that scream as I repeatedly fucked her over the course of the next three days. I came in her mouth, I came in her ass and I pumped quarts into her cunt and she screamed. She protested and said, "No you can't" and then she protested and said, "No, don't stop not now, not now." She cried out, "No, please, not on your fathers bed" and then when I finished and got up she cried, "No, not yet, please not yet, don't go," clutched at me and tried to pull me back down on it.

The first morning after I had taken her over the breakfast table she asked, "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because you are a fucking whore and what I'm doing to you is what one does to whores."

The only thing I let her wear those three days were a pair of high heels pumps. I followed her around the house and I ended up fucking her in every room. I took her on the dryer, I took her on the washing machine, and the kitchen and dining room tables and I even took her out into the garage and fucked her on the hood of her car. On the day I left to go back to school I took her one last time on her bed, but that time no mention was made of it's being my father's bed.

Just before I left I told her that when I came home for the summer if she was still fucking other guys while dad was gone I would do again what I had done for the last three days and then I left. She was standing on the porch

watching me as I backed down the drive. Just as I hit the street she blew me a kiss and licked her lips and then turned and went into the house.

I had been back at school for one week when the phone rang and it was my mother. She said hello and then told me that she had someone she wanted me to talk to. A man came on and said, "Hey, I don't know what this is all about, but she wants me to tell you that I'm playing hide the salami with her." I heard her ask the man for the phone back and then she said, "Remember your promise mother fucker, I'm holding you to it."